By JOHN E. HELMS.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1877.

The Morristown Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 14, 1877.

[From the St. Louis Times.] Strikes are quits proper, only strike right; Strike to some purples, but not for a fight; Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame ! Strike right and left, till you win a good name; Strike for your freedom from all that is vile; Strike off companions who often beguile; Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the ax ; Strike out unaided, depend on no other ; Strike without gloves—your foolishness since Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride; Strike where 'tis best, but let Wisdom decide : Strike a good blow while theiron is hot; Strike, keep striking, till you hit the right spot,

Goldsmith Maid, having become age, is withdrawn from the turf. The Senate has not yet rejected any of the President's nominations, while it

NEWS IN BRIEF.

has confirmed many. How much to do will be made over Grant when he returns. As he is study ing French cookery, lets have a party when he comes and get him to do the

A cotton factory is about to be established at Mobile, Ala. A company has been organized, and the directors will I saw a man with form erect, soon start the enterprise with 1344 spin dles, which will consume about 800 bales of cotton yearly, and replace it | The workings of a noble soul; with \$100,000 worth of yarn,

It must be admitted that Speaker Ran dall has done the genteel thing for Ten-Mesers. Whitthorne and Bright remain at the head of the committees on which they have done the country such valuable service, and Mr. Atkins is advanced to the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations-a merited recognition of his eminent talents, incorruptible integrity and long experience in public affairs.-Nashville American.

The acerbity of French politics at the present time is shown by the fact that, although general invitations were given in the columns of the newspapers, and no cards were issued, not one of the leading members of the Republican party or press was present at the banquet given to Gen. Grant, in Paris, by Minister Noyes. This was owing to the fact of the promised presence of the Cabinet

The nomination of Mr. Welsh as Minister to England was brought about through a committee of business men of Philadelphia, who went to Washington a few days ago. One of them was Edward T. Steel, who entertained the President magnificently when he was in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition, and again last May at the opening of the Permanent Exhibition.

Of the bills introduced in relation to the tax on tobacco is one by Mr. Whitthorne, which provides that it shall be lawful for a planter or producer to sell and dispose of any tobacco in the leaf raised upon premises under lease or rent by him without the payment of any tax, provided such sale is made in payment of rent for the purchase of any space needed by said planter or producer.

The legislation recommended in the President's message for the Paris Expoposition is to receive special consideration. A motion will be made in the House to refer it to a select committee of eleven members, and it is the intention to provide for the disbursement of the funds and the employment of a commission in a manner which will be more satisfactory than the system in force at the Vienna or Centennial Exposition. The blunders made on behalf of the United States at the former are to be especially guarded against.

Bowling Green (Ky.) Puntagraph: Last Sunday a telephone was run in a circuit from Nashville through the Western Union Telegraph office in this city to Nashville. The parties operating it could hear one another talking around this circuit, as distinctly as though they were face to face a distince of 186 miles. They also heard Mr. Novel in the office here playing his guitar, and could tell from the sound of his battery, what message he was receiving. Soon Mr. Novel will have connection with Nashville when he will talk to them as if he was but a few feet from the parties.

Just before Edwin Adams breathed his last he said, "The curtain is rung up," evidently imagining himself again on the stage. His farewell words to his wife were, "Well, Mary, good-by; good by, forever." Late Saturday afternoon he urged Mrs. Adams not to forget to give Sothern an onyx pin which he wore, and which he valued highly. To the last moment his mind was clear and unclouded, and he died as sweetly as a child going to sleep.

Speaker Randall's Wife. A Washington correspondent writes: Mrs. Randall, the wife of the new Speaker, seems to be a woman who in her way is a queen in in her veins, she rules her home gates. Her neighbors praise her- ple assume the wedded state without the people not burthened with 'po-sition,' whom day by day she fasfor whom she lives rises up and call laid by they think everything is all her blessed. In the simplest of right, and straightway some parson has homes, at the unfashionable end of a job. A sad instance of this kind is the town, lives the wife of the the case of Edmond Rothschild, of Speaker of the House of Representatives. Large of heart, clear of Adele Rothschild, of the Frankfort mind, yet utterly without pretension or false 'airs' of any kind, actively benevolent, with that cherity that speaks no ill-in her mode of life, in her home, in herself, she is an utter contrast to her predeces-

A French paper observes that Philosophers pass their lives in not believing what they see, and in try. ing te guess what they don't see.

WHAT I SAW.

BY REV. J. MPITON ARENS. [So very life-like is this doublepicture which we find in an old magazine, that we reprint it for the careful and thoughtful perusal of our readers and especially for the young men of our country. It is simple in composition, but very truthful in moral.]

saw a pretty cottage stand In grounds that were both trim and neat Where graveled walks and charming

flowers, Solicited the wandering feet. A very Paradise it seemed With virgin joys and glories crowned; A spot upon this sin-cursed earth

Which yet the serpent had not found I saw a woman, pure and good, Upon whose cheek the roses bloomed Who deep inhaled the atmosphere Her dearest husband's love perfumed.

A calm and happy life was her's,

No grief upon the spirit pressed And hope, the darling angel bright Sat monarch in her loving breast

The families, as blest as this

With ruddy cheeks and faces bright Whose joyous heart expression found In eyes that danced with pure delight The maids were modest, chaste, and fair, The boys were brave and noble, too

The sun shines on, I trow are few. And with a calm, expressive face,

Jpon the lineaments of which It was not hard for one to trace A sympathetic friend, and kind,

More ardent, constant, firm than whom

'Twas ne'er my privilege to find. saw that cottage once again; But ah! 'twas sinking to decay; The window lights were broken in, The shutters had been wrenched away The grounds were overgrown with weeds No hand had trained the vines of late;

And want dwelt now were wealth had 'Twas blighted, cursed, and desolate.

saw that woman once again; Her face was thin, her cheek was pale; And from old care's deep chiseled lines, I read, with pain, her sorrow's tale. Within her heart where hope had reigned, When all was joyous, bright, and fair, A monarch crowned with ebon sat, Whose name I've learned to call dispair.

saw that family again; But oh! the change, how very sad; They wandered forth to virtue lost. In filthy, tattered garments clad. Their eyes no longer danced with joy, Nor could they longer happy be, For sin, and poverty, and shame Had overwhelmed that family.

saw that man but once again, With blood-shot eyes and bloated face. Upon the lineaments of which It was not hard for one to trace The working of a fallen soul; A vicious, prostituted mind, More wretched and depraved than whom May God forbid I e'er should find.

A man, a family, a wife, Once good and happy, young and fai Have fallen from the height of hope Far down the starless gulf, despair, The cottage, too, the home of peace, Has been surrendered up to fate, And now its many tongues repeat "Behold, I, too, am desolate."

What agency, or arm so strong, Can so bring down the human race, From heaven's gate, so near to hell? In one short word of letters three, Of human ills we find the sum;

The with ring, blighting, damning scour Which bears the simple name of RUM

The Evils of Hot Bread.

ent the consumption of hot bread but the law of common sense, and unfortunately that is a dead letter as a governing principle in the lives of a great is no newly discovered fact, and especially is this terrible result sure to follow a persistent indulgence on the part of those whose pursuits are quiet, in doors and sedentary. And yet the reformers, or those who call themselves such-the into a white heat over the sale of a glass of cider-will go on year after year, not only making no outcry against this perservant of the housewife can be made as terrible a stomach destroyer as the distillery, and the sworn foes of the latter are apt to be its best patrons. Dyspepsia paints the nose and sours the temper as surely as dram drinking, and many sufferers from the former, though by their own willful acts, inveigh the most loudly against the latter. A well-defined case of jim jams is the climax to a course of intemperance and warns the victim that his alternative is death or immediate reformation. But the dyspepsia that hot bread, mince pie and kindred abominations cause has no sudknowledge that he is a sinner above those whose lighter faults he fiercely condemns .- Boston Post,

A Deluded Couple. couples will rush into matrimony withher realm. With the best of blood out once giving a thought to the morrow as to what they shall eat and wherewithal they shall be clothed. Of course giving sufficient thought to the unromantic but necessary subject of dollars Paris, who is shortly to marry M'lle branch, of the family. This deluded couple will begin housekeeping on the picayune capital of but little over one hundred million dollars.

> People do not lack strength; they lack will .- Hugo.

Letters which are warmly sealed

A SOLDIER'S FATE.

Return to His Home After Fifteen Years' Absence of a Young Confederate Soldier.

Louisville Evening News. Fifteen years ago, when the eyes of the young men of Kentucky were turned toward the South in its day of need, there left this county, in company with many others, two brothers who cast their lot with the South as members of the First Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry, under command of Colonel Ben. Hardin Helm, who afterward died at Chickamauga leading the First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry, the grandest brigade that ever fought a battle, These brothers were model soldiers, brave almost to rashness, and always hard fate. In 1863, when the arm y began its retreat through Tennessee, he was shot in the foot while the regiment was being charged by the enemy, but never murmured, fighting on, until, almost fainting from loss of blood, the comrade by his side first learned that he had been struck.

After weary days of suffering he recovered, rejoined his command, and, when Stoneman was making one give np an argument when he found of his raids, was again cruelly wounded, only to again recover and rejoin his regiment. Sherman swept down to the sea, the two brothers still fighting with their command all through that terrible and hopeless compaign. At last, in 1865, Bentonville, N. C., was reached, and here they fought their last fight side by side again. The elder brother had never been touched in battle. At the picket stand a few days after the battle, he drew his gun toward him by the muzzle; it exploded, the ball entering the knee-cap, necessitating amputation. Delirious, in two days he died, and was laid to rest by his

comrades. Exactly one week afterward the younger brother, dismounting from his horse, carelessly set down his steel. gun; it exploded, and made a ghastly wound in the side and chest. Sherman was pressing forward, the Southfellow to die, as all were sure he must do very soon, in the hands of the enemy. That was in April, 1865. Two weeks ago the maimed and scrippled hero of more than a hundred fights walked into the law office of an old comrade in this city. After having been reported to all his friends and relatives as among the dead, he had still survived, and, though his body is marked all over with the terrible scars of battle, he There is no law in this country to pre- is kept alive by the indomitable spirit that marked him ever as one of the bravest men in his regiment. These words are written by one who many people. That hot bread in nine rode by his side when he received cases out of ten will produce dyspepsia his first wound, and no member of smithy. Company "B" of the First Kentucky Cavalry of the C. S. A. but will recognize in the dead brother rash, brave and impetuous John Harris; in the living one, the no less brave men and women who work themselves Cicero Harris. His life has been a modest one, but is filled with incidents more startling than are told in nicious indulgence, but actually filling fiction. Every old comrade will hope themselves up day by day with the hot that he may live long in the midst of and poisonous gases of the even. This the circle he has made happy by his

Carlyle on the Book of Job.

pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were west. not Hebrew-such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! All men's book! It is looked at his watch. our first, oldest statement of the never ending problem, man's desden warnings. The man who uses them tiny and God's ways with him here goes on making both himself and those on earth. And all in such free, around him wretched, and refuses to ac- flowing outlines; grand in its simplicity and its epic melody and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So true every way, true eyesight and vision for all things, to the rails. material things, no less than spiritual; the horse-"hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—he laughs it in darkness and then rested. with an infinite fullness and sweet- if they are economical and have a fair living likenesses were never since ness of love that, like the subtlest income the matrimonial venture may drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime fragrance of a flower, floats far out not be so rash as it would be otherwise; reconciliation; oldest melody as of beyond it. Her praise is in the but, alas! how often do impetuous peo- the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer night, as the world with its seas and stars! There tesies. The children and husband and cents. If they have a little money is nothing written, I think, in the bible or out of it of equal literary

A lady sent a note to the newspaper to get a recipe to cure th whooping-cough in a pair of twins. By a mistake a recipe for pickling onions was unconsciously inserted, with her name attached, and she received this answer through the "Answers to Correspondents:" Mrs. L. H. B .- If not too young, skin are often coldly opened,-Ritcher. ing water, sprinkle plentifully with track. Our pleasant vices make instru- salt, and immerse them for a week It was a revenge almost too ter- of his rival, the blacksmith. ments to scourge us .- Shakespeare. in strong brine.

BY C. T. HARBAUGH. The ringing sound that came from a blackened smithy told that steel was smithening steel, and the smith who swung the ponderous hammer was a man of no common muscle.

He was young and remarkably handsome; but there was an evil lurking in his cold, black eyes which would have repulsed the close observer. The light of his forge fire rendered ghostly the objects in the remote corners of the shop; but it fell brightly upon the bright look ing piece of steel which he was ham-

It resembled the jaw of some immense trap, strong enough to hold a bear, and the wonder was that the strength of man could prepare it for at their posts. The younger had a its prey. If any man in Middleton could control such a trap, it was the man whose hands were fashioning

For a long time David Thrall had been working of nights, with his shop barred to visitors, and the clang-clang-clang of his hammer had sounded in the furthest corner of the growing village. He was a man of strong passions, the first to resent an insult to a friend, and the last to logic against him.

No person had bothered him while he swung the hammer over the ter rible steel trap which he was making. It is true that a few boys looked in the window at the inauguration of his work, but his maddening threats against them had kept the prying urchins away.

"I told her that she should never laugh at my love and live to boast of it to another man!" said David Thrali, aloud, one night as he paused

"She laughed and told me not to let anger get the best of me, and thought I would forget it. Forget? Never!" and the hammer came down vengefully upon the glowing

"I am making this trap because you rejected my love, Agnes Temple, but it shall not tear your pretty skin. ern army was receding, and all that No-no! I would not injure one of could be done was to leave the poor your golden hairs; but I am going to teach you that there is one man in Middleton whose heart cannot be

Thus he talked to himself, while he stood over his anvil and swung his hammer, whose every blow told on his horrible mechanism, and hurried it toward completion.

That night he finished it. He held it in the light of his coal fire and pronounced it perfect, smiled upon it with pride, and showed that he had strength enough to master "Now, my boy, we'll try you."

David Thrall put his trap into a sack, smothered the fire and left the

He walked rapidly towards the outskirts of the village, seen by no one, for the night was dark and the the wind high. It was in the fall of the year, and the yellow leaves of the time fell around him in a golden shower. But he did not notice them any more than to brush an occasional one from his long beard, begrimmed, like his face with the soot of his shop.

He did not come to a halt until he reached the iron track that ran over the road which he was traversing. I call the book of Job, apart from Middleton had not been honored by all theories about it. one of the the steam cars, which, as if to taunt grandest things ever written with a the place, left it half a mile to the

David Thrall threw his burden down and a sigh of relief escaped him. Then he struck a match and It was eight o'clock.

"He passed about none," he mut-"The passenger goes by at ten,

then the lightning express." He spoke with a flendishness al

most foreign to the human heart. and set to work fastening the strong chains attached to his infernal trap He had evidently studied this part of his work, for he performed

But the end was not yet. he set the trap, and the terrible jaws were ready to close upon their

The wind threw leaves over the the trap, as if intent on aiding the jealous blacksmith, and as the clouds scurried westward, he saw the star gleams fall upon the

leaves that covered it.

It was a picturesque place which David Thrall had selected for the deed upon which he had set his heart. The road was norrow, indeed not more than a path which led to Middleton, and the home of he hated would traverse it before morning, and he knew too, that his

rible to be recorded.

THE DEATH TRAP.

"There!" exclaimed the smith, as he removed a pace and triumphantly surveyed the result of his nights of toil in the sooty shop. "Now let the prey come! The trap is ready. I wish you a pleasant time of it, Julian Wingfold. To be plain, should like to know how a man would feel between too such jaws. Then he picked up his sack and

started back to Middleton. But he had not gone ten yards beave been set a little easier." he as of horror. said to himself. "It has not been worked much, and the easier it set, the surer I shall be of my prey.' Intent upon readjusting the devilish invention, the blacksmith re traced his steps, and for the second time in that lonely and beautiful spot bent over the cross-ties.

He placed his knee upon the spring to prevent the jaws from closing and catching their maker, while he tampered with the trig-

He was in the midst this work when from some unaccountable cause his knees slipped from the spring, and-oh, horror! the mighty jaws losed on his wrists!

With a cry, indescribably full igony, the entrapped man tried to spring to his feet, but the trap fastened as it was to the rails, held im securely down.

The sharp teeth seemed to cut in o the very morrow of his bones, and e was experiencing the horror of a human being caught in the trap. He tried to crush the spring, but it would not yield to the power which dried in the shade, very thinly and it had lately owned, and then he tried to tear himself loose.

forced to desist lest he should faint, and cambrics fade when washed in and in that condition be caught by the usual way. If they are washed

he cried, "I could tear it loose; but gall is added, the colors will be set oh! these precious arms of mine!" so that they will always be as hand-All at once, in that hour of ter-

ror, he thought of the man for whom

he had prepared the jaws of unvield-He would doubtless reach the crossing and release him before the train was due, for Julian Wingfold

was not a vengeful rival. All thoughts of revenge against the beautiful Agnes Temple had left his mind; he looked up at the stars, and they seemed to mock his misery; he cried for help from the terror-stricken depths of his heart. But no footstep sounded upon his ears. God and man seemed to

have left the hater to his fate. Suddenly David Thrall started, and a cry of despair welled from his repealed." These papers present throat.

The shrill shricks of the locomotive told him that the one dread hour of his capacity had passed away and that the end of all was near at

"God in heaven have nmercy!" he cried. "Do unto me not as would have done unto another !" But no deliverance came and the

sound of the whistle died away with

ster would be upon him, and the most terrible drama ever enacted in that lovely country would have reached its tragic finale.

He heard the rumble of the train which seemed to approach on the wings of the wind. He raved, he cursed, and tried to wrench his wrists from the jaws of steel, tried mer Gen. Forrest has tried the virto break them off, and bear life and tues of more than one watering place, bleeding stumps away, but in vain. With the tenacity of death itself the Samsonian trap held him down.

and David Thrall paused and looked over his shoulder. He saw the headlight now; it dazed his eyes, There he grow weaker and weaker, ans he could not shade the precious falling off in flesh until he weighed orbs with his hands. Then he scarcely more than 100 pounds. On shricked at the top of his voice; but Sunday he was brought to the city-

"No deliverance ! oh, heaven !" he exclaimed, sinking back in the few parent that death was at hand to seconds he had to live. "I have conquer the brave soldier who had merited this. What a terrible thing defied him on many a battlefield. retribution is! He will be happy early in the afternoon, but so faint and she will smile upon him with all was the spark of life that the merest her dazzling beauty. But I-I-oh, recognition only came from the dy-Throwing himself upon the spring. God! pity me. Chained to the ing man. track-caught in the trap made by my own hands for a fellow being. It is just. Heaven forgive me, and comfort my poor-"

The roar of the coming train where we are not loved again .drowned the sweet word that ever Balzac. parted his lips-"mother." \* \* \*

The rumbling of the train had scarcely died away in the distance, when Julian Wingfold, returning from the home of Agnes Temple, Penn. crossed the track. He stepped where the instrument of death had been placed, and passed on without son. Agnes Temple. He knew the man noticing its handiwork, If he had but glanced down, he might have seen two battered steel jaws, closed Richter.

Pleasure soon exhausts us and itat the depot upon the arrival of each train to convey your baggage to and from the same free of
charge. There is also in connection with the fiethem pretty closely, immerse in scald- trap would hold him to the iron seen two battered steel jaws, closed Richter. now, upon the lifeless hands only,

The remains were discovered on \_\_Montague.

the following day, and the presence of the trap told the awful story. David Thrall's widowed mother

soon followed him to the grave. The little smithy still stands in Middleton, and the superstitious say that at night David Thrall can be heard beating steel with steel before his forge.

Julion Wingfold is a happy husoand and father now, but he never thinks of that one night's walk withore he halted. "The trap might out a feeling of thankfulness as well

> "Miss Grandy," writing for the N. Y. Graphic, tells a queer story about Col. Nick Smith, son-in-law of Horace Greeley. His first wife, a Miss Lou Pope, of Louisville, Ky., was in sympathy with the rebellion, and he was an officer in the Federal army while he was doing his courtng during the first year of the war. Miss Pope would never allow him to visit her in his uniform, and not long after their marriage he resigned in the army. When he married Miss Greeley he adopted her faith, the Roman Catholic, and not long since he named his infant boy Horace Greeley, dropping the name of Smith, so far as the child is concerned. "So it may be said," says Miss Grundy, "that he gave up his country for his first wife, his religion for his second, and his name for his Deals in Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Sells Child."
>
> Deals in Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Sells Drefts on all the principal cities in Europe. Buys and sells Uncurrent Money, Gold and silver, Warrants and city Scrip.

If a calico dress is washed carelessly, starched stiff, sunned a day or two, and half ironed, it is not a very comely sight. But if quickly evenly starched, and ironed on the wrong side so that it will not shine, But the pain occasioned by his it will look like a new dress for a efforts was so great that he was long time. Many pretty blue prints the first time in strong salt and wa-"If it had but caught my leg!" ter, or water to which a little beef's Knoxville, Tenn. It was a terrible moment for the some as at first, and can be washed ever after like other colored goods.

The Bankrupt Law. The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution

The Courier-Journal and Evening News, both daily, published in Louis ville, demand a repeal of the bankrupt law-an unconditional speedy repeal. "No measure," says the News, "ever enacted by Congress, has done more than this law to impair confidence between man and man in commercial circles." The Courier-Journal says that "if Congress proposes in this matter to be guided by the business mentment of the country, there seems tobe little room for debate and no reason for delay. In every shape in which public sentiment could be expressed, the opinion has been given to Con- Family Groceries. gress that the law should be wholly on this subject the views of business men in every city of the country.

The Memphis Avalanche, of the 30th ult., giving the particulars of the death of Gen. B. F. Forrest,

"It is thought that the first break in his fine constitution dates back to years ago, when through swamps and majaria he worked at the construction of the Memphis & Selma Railroad. Since then he has endured continual exposure to the same poisonous in-Whithin five minutes the iron mon- fluence on his island plantation near this city. No matter what the season or the weather, Gen. Forrest permitted no chains to be placed on that nervous energy which has characterized him in every pursuit in life; but even his iron frame could not stand the strain upon it. Chronic diarrhea was complicated with malarial poison and its victim slowly wasted away. During the past sumand many promised cures, but all in vain. A few weeks ago he returned home, leaning upon the shoulders of friends as he dragged himself from

The locomotive shricked again, the cars to the carriage. From the residence of his brother, Col. Jesse Forrest in this city, he returned to his home on President's Island, being borne on a litter to his broth-

At seven o'clock last evening the

Bedford Forrest was dead. The greatest tyranny is to love

spirit left the body and Nathaniel

Be a philosopher; but amidst all your philosophy, be still a man .-

We should ask not who is the most | learned, but who is the best learned.

New Advertisements.

R. E. RICE,

Morristown, - - Tenn. [STATE DEPOSITORY.]

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WILMETH MAIN STREET, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

Has now on hand a complete stock of To which he has recently added a full line of BOOTS AND SHOES,

Which he offers cheap for Cash. He will pay the highest market price for all kindsof country produce, Provisions and Estables of every description kept

D. A. NEILSON, M. D.

Having located in RUSSELLVILLE, I hereby

FRED. A. SHOTWELL SURGEON DENTIST: Rogersville, -- Tenn.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of

K. LAWLESS, MAIN STREET,

Morristown, Tenn. Having removed from the Tan-yard to the EOOM over Theo. A. Sal-yo's lewelr; stop, I am now prepar-ed to EXECUTE ALL WORK IN MY LINE on short notice, and on reason-saddles, Bridles and Harness of every verified by the part we have the same than description, will be put up in first-class style, in a substantial manner, and sold as cheap as can be bought elsewhere. REPAIRING also will be I have in my charge, a small quantity of leather belonging to various customers of McFarland, Kidwell & Co., and the same can be had by calling sep. 19, 1877-17. J. K. LAWLESS.

(Formerly Virginia House,) Morristown, Tenn.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAV-Ing leased the above popular and convenient stand, begs leave to inform his many friends and The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.—William Penn.

Let us be silent, that we may hear the whispers of the gods.—Emerting the whispers of the gods.—Emerting the moderate, servants notice and in the center of the town and convenient to the depet. The proprietor has fitted up in his house a room which known as the Drummer's filest, where they can conveniently display their samples to the many inquiring business men of this thriving young city. My table shall be always supplied to the delicaces and substantials of the season. Charges shall be moderate, servants notices and in Please give me a call, a thing you will not regret

JOSEPH GRIGSBY.

Sept. 12, 1877. PROPRIETOR. say the least. June 5, 10.

New Advertisements.

VOL. 11 .-- NO. 36.

WM. G. TAYLOR. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Morristown, Tonn., WILL practice in the Courte of Hamblen, and the adjoining counties. aprils no-ly.

W. D. GAMMON. Attorney - at - Law, Morristown, Tenn.

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J. A. Stubblefield, A. B., Princp'l,

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Female High School.

Board from \$2 00 to \$2 50 per week.
Tuition from \$10 to \$20 per term of 20 weeks.
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